

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1893.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Clk Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clk Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.

Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard.
G. M. Kee.
Amos Barlow.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.
Coroner, Geo. P. Moore.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARRUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

A. DREW PRICE,

Attorney-at-law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will be found at Times Office.

D. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year. The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. R. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Has located at Marlinton, All calls promptly answered.
Office in the Skiles house.

C. J. ELLIOTT,

BUILDER.

Mill-wright & Carpenter.
Drafts and specifications furnished on application.

GREEN BANK, W. VA.

J. B. McNEILL,

AUCTIONEER,
BUCKEYE, W. VA.

Four miles below Marlinton. Business of this kind attended to anywhere in the State. Good reference.

C. B. Swecker,

Gen'l Auctioneer and
Real-estate Ag't

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Land. Farms and Town lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. P. O. — Dunmore, W. Va. or Alexander, W. Va.

FOR DYSPEPSIA

See Brown's Iron Bitters.

Physicians recommend it.

All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Field for American Literature.

HENRY W. McLAUGHLIN in Hamden Sidney Magazine.

A literature is the living soul of any nation. Martial glory, pampered power, and the grandeur of wealth, sink into forgetfulness as soon as the contemporary century passes away, but the heraldry of literary genius waxes with the age; his influence is exerted and his praises sung, long after the mortal frame is scattered in its earthly bed.

How could old Athens entwine around our hearts the cords of love; how could Rome excite a feeling of admiration; how England instill in us a desire to call her mother, if it were not for the pathos, logic, and thought clothed in the living language of her literary masters?

Literature has three principle sources: the facts and fancy of history and legend; the realities and characteristics of humanity, and the works of nature standing as the monument of power, the eternal ideal that puts to shame man's achievements.

The first division lies among what Tacitus may choose to call the ancient. At any rate the literature here draws its material from antique things. We must admit that other countries have heightening and inspiring elements belonging to antiquity that we have not.

Their history reaches over a far greater space of time. If we ramble among ancient cities and behold the livinglike marble wrought into perfectness by the master strokes of some Phidias, or wonder at the masonry constructed by builders long mingled with their native dust; if we visit the places of historic interest in England and Scotland and survey their time shattered castles or tread among the damp walls of Westminster Abbey where tablets, tombs, and effigies mark the resting places of poets and princes, of heroes and kings; we find our feelings intensified and our minds lighted with a reflective element which we do not often experience in America.

But these things however important are not the sole requisites for a literature. And if they were we would not feel totally cast down, for we cannot entertain the idea that our own land is completely void of a similar background since we have the relics, myths and mounds of a prehistoric race; the customs and legends of our immediate predecessors and our own history from the settlement of James town through all the long story of continuous change down to the present.

A history that relates to the development of the most powerful nation the world has yet seen, that tells the story of four wars, and among whose dusty archives there must be stored many seeds requiring only the discriminating eye to find and the active hand to cultivate to make them bloom into literary flowers of beauty and sweetness for admiring nations to enjoy and treasure.

The next source from which the material of literature is drawn is that found in the states, tendencies and actions of humanity as portrayed in the drama of life either real or imaginary.

This source is common to every people but perhaps especially so in America, where are gathered representatives of every land.

We are truly mingled people the graves of whose forefathers are so widely scattered that there is never a time when they are not lighted by the pleasant rays of the sun. And too,

the experiences of nature form by far the most important constituent of literature. For it seems at last that only in the actors of the drama of the world does man care to be interested.

No matter with what beauty or power of language the author has clothed his thought, if it is not connected with life it fails to call forth the feelings and emotions of the human soul. Just imagine if you can a novel, poem, or even a history, that does not breathe forth that savoring influence of humanity.

America has been abundantly blessed in the third and last element. It is the one which presents the most extensive field for descriptive literature. From where the living waters lash the shores of the northern lakes to that gulf with an ever blooming land. From where the many rivers wind their way down the eastern slope to far beyond the Rockies, where we are greeted by the mitigating breezes of ocean currents. All the survey is ours, with its birds, flowers, and landscapes, with its huge canons, mighty mountains, and peaceful valleys, and features innumerable and unnamable, each containing an unwritten volume.

What an arena have we for poetic, descriptive, and scientific writing; it all seems like one vast plot spread out before us covered with rugged pebbles beneath whose dull surface lie the luster of the diamond and gems of rarest splendor. Never before in the nation's history have such literary opportunities been presented to her. Is there any land fuller of themes, yet untouched by the author's pen?

New England, only a little corner of our great country, can boast of a literature, and if this section still lacks much of being developed to its full capacity, how wide must be the field?

With this great field and all its advantages, why is it that we have never produced a worthy American literature.

Truly we have become great statesmen and business managers such as Henry Clay and A. T. Stewart, much to the detriment of her authorship, and hence a standard literature. The writer may be optimistic, but it seems that the tide is changing and that these hindrances are becoming weaker and weaker as the gentle light of progressive refinement continues to shed its rays over our land.

This suggests another picture of former days. Turn back three centuries and view old England for a moment; when grim visaged war was laid aside; bloody strife had been buried and calm peace spread her wings in gentle sovereignty over the land. It was then that the genius and power which so signalized itself upon the battle field, began to create the world's most distinguished literature.

Living as we do in the closing years of a century, which has reached the zenith, in wealth, invention, and mechanical art, is it not natural that genius should search out another sphere? And now since education is becoming more and more universal, a greater and greater premium is being placed upon authorship, and the eyes of the whole people are turning toward literature. Are not her realms most likely to be the abode of the giant intellects of the immediate future? Is it not more than probable that this Anglo Saxon force, which is so abundant in America, shall send forth at the dawn of the coming century, a literature of melody and beauty, which will win for it

self a place in history and may please, ennoble and educate the moral and intellectual parts of generations yet unborn?

The facilities for communication between nations have so decreed it that ours must be a literature written in the language of Shakespeare and Milton—and who could wish for a purer, sweeter tongue with which to tell the thoughts and feelings of the soul.

If it is written upon our soil and by America's own native sons, who but the most cynical of Londoners would call it by any other name than American literature?

And this field with its boundless dominion and rich possibilities, with its events of years now gone; habits and customs of the present, and nature's vast and suggestive field. All is our heritage and its boundless future is our own.

(Condensed for The TIMES.)

THE PRECAUTION OF THE BANKS.

The financial stringency which is now being felt throughout the country, and which has caused the failure of several banks, has led bankers in New York to adopt measures to meet the difficulty. On June 14 they had a meeting at which it was decided to provide for the issue of Clearing House certificates. The object of these certificates is to prevent a bank failing when it is solvent, as banks sometimes do, under a sudden strain. Under the ordinary system a bank is expected to pay in cash, the same day, any balance becoming due from it to another bank. If its customers have withdrawn their deposits, or it has been lending money freely, it may not be able to settle its accounts so promptly, although it may have securities in its safe which would more than cover the amount, if it had time to turn them into money.

Under the new arrangement, a bank, so circumstanced, can submit these securities to the Clearing House Committee, who will give to the bank a certificate to the extent of three quarters of their value.—These certificates the several banks mutually agree to receive instead of cash, the bank offering them to pay the bank receiving them six per cent interest until they are liquidated. The arrangement seems contrary to the principles on which business is usually conducted. So far from the bankers desiring the failure of their rivals and promoting it, that they may enrich themselves by the extinction of competition, as is the practice in some lines of business, they are helping them to maintain their standing.

For the Times

BIOGRAPHICAL

JOHN McNEIL.

This person, familiarly known as "Big John," to distinguish him from two or three other cotemporary Johns, is deserving of special mention as a citizen of prominence and marked influence and usefulness, in the community, in his day.

He was born April 20, 1793 at the Swago mill, now in possession of the McClintics. His parents were Johnathan and Phoebe McNeil. The mother was a daughter of Moses Moore, the renowned pioneer, hunter and trapper. "Aunt Phoebe" was remarkable for her piety, industry, common sense, candour, plainness of speech and kindness of heart. She managed the grist-mill for years, taking off and putting on the sacks of meal and flour with amazonian dexterity and ease. In later years she merely

superintended the grinding, keeping some one of her numerous grandsons to do the heavy work.

Squire McNeil was married Sept. 3, 1811, in the 19th year of his age, to Rebecca McNeil, a near relative, and settled on Dry Creek. Their family numbered three sons and eight daughters.

In boyhood he was busily employed in working the craps, digging in caves for saltpetre, assisted in running the grist mill, the powder mill and the saw mill.

By diligent selfimprovement in the meanwhile he acquired all that was deemed essential at that period, to fit himself for a teacher. He taught school for many years and educated his own family and the families of his neighbors.

For much of his early life there were no physicians resident nearer than Warm Springs and Lewisburg. Consequently sick people had to rely upon improvised home treatment. Mr. McNeil procured and read medical books, and with the assistance of Dianah Saunders, and others experienced in nursing the sick, the sick people of Swago and vicinity were remarkably well cared for. In the later years of his life he was sent for from other neighborhoods. These services were in the main gratuitously rendered.

In politics he was a Democrat, in religion a fervent disciple of Wesley. He died November 10, 1861. He sleeps in a well preserved grave in the Buckley cemetery, one of the best cared for burial grounds in the county.

"Life's duty done, securely laid
In this his last retreat
Unheeded o'er his silent dust
The storms of life may beat,"

POOR DR. BRIGGS.

Some religious papers, hating Briggs, try to do him justice by admitting that in his trial he has been twice put in jeopardy, while other editors claim that it was the same old jeopardy. The editor of the Pocahontas Times thinks that it is the same old jeopardy of eternal damnation that he suffers from more than any thing else. The constitution says that a man shall not for the same offense be twice put in jeopardy of life, limb, or liberty. However the following clipping seems to consider that the provision refers to the preachers case:—

"While we have no sympathy with Dr Briggs, believing that when a preacher finds himself out of accord with the teachings and doctrines of his Church he should withdraw from that communion, yet we cannot see any legal ground for the action of the Assembly.—The prosecuting committee in the lower court represented the Church and when Presbytery found the accused innocent, the church could not appeal from its own decision. Since Dr Briggs had been tried and acquitted once, he could not a second time be put in jeopardy for the same offense."

—An eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A western editor replies that a good many have done the same thing by marrying one. A northern editor says quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough in barely promising to marry and not going any farther. A southern editor says that a friend of his was worried enough when he was simply found in company with another man's wife. We've known an editor to inconsolable because another fellow married the girl he had his eye on.—Charlestown Free Press.